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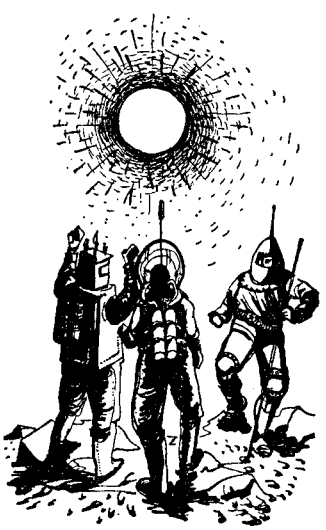
Catholics and American Democracy
– John Cogley

THE

Commonweal

Contemplatives in India

by Roland Hill



THE REAL WORLD OF SCIENCE FICTION

by Seymour Krim

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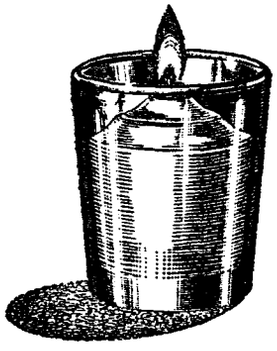

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THE Commonweal

week by week

GOING IT ALONE

TESTIMONY is forthcoming from many European countries of growing uneasiness about the United States. Of all the causes for this anxiety the rising influence of a new American isolationism stands at the head of the list. Right at this point compatriots who support such a policy may interject: "What of it? Should the feelings of various Europeans or our own national self-interest decide what we should do?" Our isolationists have long played upon patriotic sentiments by setting up and reiterating this false dilemma.

The June 1 New York *Daily News* (whose two million daily readers add up to the largest circulation in America) gives voice to this viewpoint anent the Middle East junket of Secretary Dulles. The *News* harks back nostalgically to twenty years ago when "most Americans didn't give a hoot whether anybody in the Middle East liked them or hated them." Then came the Truman Administration (not primarily, as the *News* sees it, the Soviet drive to expand throughout the world). Like most isolationists the *News* offers very little in the way of solutions for the Middle East and other critical areas or concern for what will happen if solutions are not found. Instead it clings to this basic conviction: ". . . a person's own business suffers when he takes to minding everybody else's business . . . this is as true of nations as it is of persons." Again the false dilemma.

That this viewpoint is voiced so widely is one reason for apprehension abroad. It is reinforced by recent acts and statements of several of our important political figures. Senator Taft's declaration that if Korean truce talks fail we should cut away from the UN and have "a free hand" in Asia is only one of several recent indications. Senate committee approval, by a vote of 20 to 3, of a rider withholding all American contributions to the United Nations should Communist China gain admission is another. A third is the failure of Congress to vote funds already authorized for the UN Children's Fund despite the dependence of millions of children on an American contribution which has been counted on to keep up vital health and feeding programs already operating. It is also predicted that the Senate Judiciary Committee will report favorably on the Bricker Amendment, which limits the treaty-making power of the President.

HAPPILY, these are not the only authoritative voices in such matters. In a press conference a few days after the Taft statement President Eisenhower made it plain that he was not in favor of America's going it alone and expressed the belief that "We have to have friends . . . that unity in basic purposes that comes from a recognition of common interests." On Memorial Day Senator Wiley (Rep.) of Wisconsin, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and Senator Saltonstall (Rep.) of Massachusetts, sought to repair the damage by speeches underlining the importance of our ties with other free nations and our mutual dependence for common defense. Senator Cooper (Rep.) of Kentucky and the Foreign Relations Committee, also rose to the defense of the United Nations.

It is widely believed that if President Eisenhower would throw down the gauntlet to the isolationists he would have the great majority of the American people behind him. As it is now, the opposition has too many key posts on various Congressional committees. Without a big upsurge of mail from home in response to something like a major message from the President emphasizing his views on foreign policy, isolationist forces in both House and Senate can count on a very large vote.

Perhaps in our understandable frustration and impatience over the Korean war we could do with some straight talk in military terms. We need to be reminded that our whole defense strategy against Soviet expansion is dependent on European ground troops and the maintenance of American air bases within range of Russia's heavy industry and military centers; that we are dependent on many countries for certain key raw materials; that the fall of

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Western Europe, with its greater proximity and large productive facilities would threaten the very existence of the U.S. as a sovereign nation within a very short interval. In these days the American people need to be reminded of such things.

At the same time our friends and allies in Europe and in Asia look for reassurance that we are all together in this defense against further Soviet encroachments. A single press conference is not enough to put heart into our anxious friends and colleagues in the task of mutual defense. The time is at hand for some bold gesture, some step advancing international defense action. That is the challenge now confronting the President in Washington and soon to confront the American, French and British leaders meeting in Bermuda. For the growth of isolation, mistrust and division among us does the Kremlin's work.

THE CASE OF MR. PINGGERA

FOR ten years, Bonaventura Pinggera worked as a temporary washroom attendant on the payroll of New York City. In 1951, he took an examination for permanent status, passed it and became a full-fledged attendant, at a salary of $2,110 a year. But in hearings before the Civil Service Commission, Mr. Pinggera testified that he had been a member of the Communist Party from 1936 to 1939. As a result of his testimony, the City fired him. Mr. Pinggera then sued to get his job back.

Now N.Y. Supreme Court Justice Aron Steuer has ordered the fifty-seven year old Mr. Pinggera reinstated, declaring, "It is a bit difficult to visualize how a washroom attendant in his official capacity can give aid to his country's enemies." The judge noted that Mr. Pinggera had joined the Communist Party as an unemployed waiter in 1936 "in the belief that it was working for the amelioration of the conditions he was facing." In 1939 Pinggera protested against the Nazi-Soviet pact and was promptly expelled from the Party. "Granting the truth of this testimony," Justice Steuer said, "there is no showing of any present disloyalty and only the most ephemeral evidence that the petitioner ever actively opposed the government."

In handing down his decision, the judge made it quite clear that he did not oppose action by the city or other governing bodies in cases of genuine security risks. "There is no question," he said, "that the municipality should not hire or retain in its service persons opposed to the basic concepts of our government. . . . However, a former affiliation, long discontinued and reasonably explained, is not a sufficient foundation on which to rest the conclusions which can rightfully authorize action."

Few people are likely to protest Justice Steuer's decision in this case; the lack of connection between the job of a washroom attendant and national security is obvious. We just wish the same kind of common sense were displayed where there is more at stake than the security of a municipal comfort station.

NEXT WEEK

PHILIP J. SCHARPER writes about the collected campaign speeches of Adlai E. Stevenson.

"A certain simplicism seems to be one of the acquired characteristics of the American mind. It is almost symbolic that the bulldozer is an American invention, for we like to handle reality in much the same way, moving it easily and rapidly in great chunks to effect the philosophical landscape we desire. Native American philosophies such as behaviorism, pragmatism and instrumentalism have appealed to us because they seem to work. . . . Our political thinking has exhibited a tendency to stress results and emphasize action at the expense of all but the grosser, rule-of-thumb forms of political thinking. . . . Politically we have grown almost blind to any color other than black or white. . . ."

THE MECHANICS AND THE GARDENERS

JAMES Reston of the New York *Times* recently quoted George F. Kennan's remark that Washington politicians are divided into the mechanics and the gardeners. The mechanics, Mr. Reston wrote, are "those who think that a foreign policy can be put together like an automobile"; the gardeners, on the other hand, are those "who know that they can merely cultivate the ground. . . . They recognize that there are some things that they cannot do; that they must conform to nature. . . ."

President Eisenhower, Mr. Reston believes, is basically a gardener in his approach to global questions. But the mechanics are growing increasingly influential in national affairs and there is a danger that they may block the President's control of foreign policy. As they legislate rigid blueprints for what the world ought to be, the President may lose whatever chance he has of influencing the world as it actually is.

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On May 27, for example, the Senate Appropriations Committee voted to withdraw American financial support from the United Nations if that organization should ever decide to admit Communist China to its membership. Since the United States contributes a large share of the United Nations' total support, this vote amounted to a decision to impose a death penalty on it should it ever act contrary to American desires in this matter.

Asked about this important vote at his press conference on May 28, President Eisenhower said that he had not heard about it since he had not read the newspapers that morning, but, he observed, it sounded pretty drastic.

It was indeed "pretty drastic." And it was typical of the mechanics' approach to foreign affairs. Its general effect can be none other than destruction of the President's power to act effectively in a complex area which, constitutionally, belongs to him.

Senator John Sherman Cooper, Republican of Kentucky, recently warned against such an invasion of the Executive's rights as this vote represents. "It is absolutely necessary," he said, "that this Administration have the freedom to act and negotiate without being shackled." Attacking the growing tendency among members of Congress to impose fixed arbitrary positions on the President, Senator Cooper emphasized that the Executive "must not be afraid to explore any field freely if evidence of changed opinion shows any sign of attainment of a real peace."

The Senator's concern should be shared by all those who, believing that foreign policy, like politics, is essentially an art of the possible, are troubled by such attacks on the possible as are now being made.

There is no doubt, for example, about the American people's opposition to the Peiping government's being allowed to "shoot its way into the United Nations." But there is also no doubt that the Peiping government is likely to remain, for a long time to come, the *de facto* government of China. We cannot, unfortunately, vote this government out of being, nor can we change it by pretending that it does not exist. Such facts of international life may be difficult for us to face, but we will some day have to face them.

How we should eventually cope with them will depend on historical contingencies which cannot now be foreseen. But the mechanics' attempts to tie United States' future policy, in this as in other matters, to the blueprint of a world which simply does not exist is worse than irresponsible. Rooted in folly, it can end only in disaster. What we clearly need in Washington are fewer mechanics and many, many more gardeners.

MR. MEANY MOVES

FROM all appearances, good things can be expected from the new President of the AFL. Since taking over the office of the late William Green, George Meany has been making it clear that he will not take any tolerant view of racketeering, even when it is taking shelter behind a union label. In addition to his action in the case of the Longshoremen in New York, Mr. Meany has now cracked down on another AFL union, the United Automobile Workers, AFL, which is often confused by the general public with Walter Reuther's CIO union of the same name. As the latest step in his anti-racketeering campaign, Mr. Meany recently informed the Auto Workers union that it must revoke the charter of one of its offending locals or itself be expelled from the AFL.

Everyone sympathetic to labor will cheer Mr. Meany on, while he continues to eliminate those elements which tend to give all organized labor a bad name. But as his campaign progresses, it will be interesting to watch the reaction of those columnists and commentators who have long discussed racketeers in the AFL as if they were in the majority instead of being a small minority. The way they react to Mr. Meany's clean-up campaign should indicate how many of them are genuinely anti-racketeering and how many are purely and simply anti-union.

FEEDING THE HUNGRY

CATHOLICS have a special interest in the field of food and population studies. And in light of the Catholic position on birth control, a recent report by the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations is most significant. It is the FAO's conclusion that agricultural techniques today offer the possibility of keeping pace with the population growth of the world, and of giving every man a reasonable standard of nutrition.

The FAO cites three examples of technical accomplishment in agriculture: a fifty per cent increase in livestock production per breeding unit in the United States between 1920 and 1950; the tripling of wool yield per sheep in Australia in little more than a century; and the vast improvement in milk and meat yields in Western European livestock over the last two hundred years. The organization says that optimum use of fertilizer throughout the world, conservatively estimated, would increase crop yields by thirty per cent.

What hinders these developments? Economic, political and social bars. And the way in which

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these developments may be brought about is by world organization of supplies, equipment and personnel to fight pests and disease, to educate farmers and to develop natural resources. "Few spheres of exploitation promise greater results for relatively small expenditures of funds."

In the light of this kind of hope offered the famine-wracked regions of the world, present cutbacks in American technical assistance are tragic indeed, and the opposition to UN technical cooperation activities that still exists in some Catholic circles must seem incredibly shortsighted.

SYNGMAN RHEE

BY the time this editorial appears, we may have the Chinese answer to the UN truce proposal. Perhaps the war will be over. Perhaps the talks will be over, and the war begun again. Perhaps we will face the gravest decision since that June day three years ago when the Sunday newspapers carried unexcited dispatches saying that North Korean troops were reported to have attacked across the 38th Parallel.

Whatever the decision, the Korean nation will continue the *via dolorosa* it began fifty years ago. And the frail little man in gray felt hat and business suit will bitterly be salvaging what he can of a demolished country.

Almost eighty, proud, ailing Syngman Rhee said first that he would not accept the United Nations peace terms, that he would fight on to the Yalu. Then he issued a statement of compromise, which was inevitable. At this writing it is not clear how far he will compromise, but it is quite clear that if the Chinese are moderate in their reply, the UN troops are going to do no more unifying of Korea than they have already done.

But it is worth examining why Rhee speaks as he does. It is worth recalling that after an initial decision to repel aggression, the UN decided to make its goal the unification of Korea. Those were the days of the Christmas offensive, when things looked simpler, but such was the decision.

Korea spent forty years under the Japanese. It got railroads and some economic improvement, but it lost its leaders. Nationalists were exiled or killed. Few Koreans were given any opportunity to learn government. Some managed to get abroad to study. Rhee got an M.A. at Harvard and a Ph.D. at Princeton. He was probably the only man at Harvard in the first decade of this century to bear the marks of the torture of despots. He must have been a queer figure against the ivy, among the flannel-clad.

For thirty-three years he was an exile. His triumph came at the end of the second World War, when South Korea named him president in an election supervised by the United Nations.

Since then he has been a one-man government. The power of his subordinates is limited, and one is played against another. The country is administered, for all practical purposes, by two hundred thousand policemen. So this intractable old nationalist has been a tyrant. But he says that he is a tyrant by order of the people who freely elected him. And last summer he went to the people for a further mandate, and in an election judged by UN observers to be a fair one, he was overwhelmingly re-elected.

He has allowed no other leaders to emerge. But in chaos he has upheld at least the structure of democracy.

Now he thinks he has a chance to unify his country, to make the whole of it independent for the first time in half a century. So he plays what cards he has. He knows that his army will starve without American supplies. He knows that his army commanders are likely to obey Eighth Army rather than ROK directives. He knows that his people could not fight on alone, even if that was their true wish. But he gambles for the last, and biggest, stake. And if the United Nations must call his bluff, and override him in this, it is well that we recognize what we are doing, and at least pay respect to the wizened, single-minded little nationalist who brought the seeds of freedom to Korea.

FOR THE RECORD

REP. Edward H. Rees recently introduced legislation to ban "blasphemous" literature from the U.S. mails. To his apparent surprise, the measure encountered opposition. Various Protestant groups expressed doubt of the Government's competence to determine what is "blasphemous" and fear that such legislation would violate constitutional guarantees of freedom of religion. Because of this the measure will not receive a public hearing at this session.

Mr. Rees says that there is a real "need" for such legislation, however. He hopes that his bill will "stimulate thinking on the subject."

We share his hope, and suggest that the process begin with the Congressman himself. That such a bill was initiated is bad enough. That it received some serious support is even worse. We share the doubts and fears of the Protestant groups and trust that this bill will now be consigned to that permanent oblivion it so richly deserves.

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Contemplatives in India

BENEDICTINE MONKS ARE MODIFYING THE CHRISTIAN MONASTIC TRADITION TO FIT THE MOOD AND CULTURE OF THE ORIENT.

ROLAND HILL

ONE of the greatest missionary enterprises in the history of the Church was the work of the Jesuits in the China and India of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Led by St. Francis Xavier, they—to quote Professor Arnold Toynbee—"stripped Christianity of its accidental and irrelevant Western accessories, and offered the essence of it to China in a Chinese, and to India in a Hindu, intellectual and literary dress, in which there was no incongruous Western embroidery to jar on their sensibilities." Unfortunately, this experiment came to grief, not by reason of any intrinsic faults of its own, but through rivalries and dissensions between the Jesuits and other missionary orders; and between the policies of the various Western powers under whose protection the missionaries were working.

In one of his letters to the King of Portugal, written in 1545, Francis Xavier speaks of the danger of those who had already been gathered into the Church being torn away and falling back into their former state, "scandalized and scared away by the many grievous injuries and vexations which they suffer—especially from your Highness's own servants. . . . For there is danger that when our Lord God calls your Highness to His judgment that your Highness may hear angry words from Him: 'Why did you not punish those who were your subjects and owned your authority, and who were enemies to Me in India?"

St. Francis Xavier realized the need for a native clergy who could best interpret the Christian message to the people like the Indians or the Chinese who were pagans, but pagans with a centuries-old civilization of their own, which must be baptized rather than uprooted. One of his missionary successors in India was the Jesuit priest Robert de Nobili, who arrived in Goa in 1604 and devoted his life to this aim. Within a year he had acquired a complete mastery of Tamil, Telugu and Sanskrit. He lived like a Hindu holy man among the Indian people, sharing the food of the poorest, and made many converts. But he was exposed to attacks from fellow missionaries because having adopted the Brahmin mode of life he had to cut himself off completely from intercourse with them.

Missionary work in India will essentially have to be of this kind. With the special situation in India in mind, Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiae* appealed to the contemplative orders to found monasteries in missionary countries, but the response there was far slower than in the United States and in Europe, where the monastic life has seen a great revival in the past two decades.

This deficiency has been noticeable in India particularly, because its spiritual climate needs the apostolate of the contemplative orders in the first place, and a monastic life adapted to the Indian cultural and religious atmosphere. However, Catholicism came to India in a Western dress, and with ideas emphasizing action rather than contemplation. Not unnaturally, it was regarded by many Indians as merely part of a foreign civilization that had brought them science, education and social institutions, but that contrasted with, and could never transcend, their own cultural heritage. Plato and Aristotle meant little to India.

Yet, though Western in its historical origins, Catholicism is universal. Hilaire Belloc was guilty of the Latin cultural heresy when he said that the Faith is

Mr. Hill contributes frequently to the Tablet, Blackfriars and other English Catholic journals.

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Europe and Europe is the Faith, though, historically speaking, there is justification for his statement. It was a great Indian convert, Brahmabandhaw Upadhyay, who, four hundred years after Robert de Nobili, was the first to demand Catholic monastic communities in India, where "true Yogis" might lead contemplative lives in solitude and silence, and where the supernatural character of Christianity might be allowed to grow upon Indian thought.

It required, perhaps, the Indian break with Britain and Europe for these ideas to bear richer fruits than in the past. The influence of Western civilization is, however, undiminished, and it cannot be foreseen how much more the spiritual life of the Indian people will be transformed under its influence. Western technology, specialization, secularization and materialism are the by-products of this influence. The modern Indian universities are dominated by pragmatic philosophies which are steadily widening the gulf between the intellectuals and Hindu culture. The religious Hindu is torn between the world of ancient India, which inspired his traditions, and the present which cannot understand his mind. The spiritual longing at the heart of Indian culture can be stilled by the timeless truths of Christianity, but only when wedded to that culture.

SUCH integration is the aim of two Catholic monastic foundations in Southern India. The first is the hermitage of two French priests, called Saccidananda Ashram, in the diocese of the Bishop of Trichinopolis, and under his protection.

Père Jules Monchanin left his professorship of theology thirteen years ago to study and work in India. After many years of reflection he concluded that Christ could come to the Indian people only from a Christian monastery. He worked out a plan for a community based on the ideas of Upadhyay and close to the practice of the rule of St. Benedict.

Père Monchanin was joined in his hermitage by the French Benedictine monk, Dom Henri Le Saux. Their way of life, by Western standards, is the most extreme poverty. They live in a small and bare building. The chapel contains nothing but an altar, consisting of two large stones, one resting upon the other. Their cell contains one piece of furniture, a straw mat.

The refectory has neither tables nor chairs, and at meal times one does without knives, forks or spoons. The tablecloth is a large and fresh banana leaf spread on the ground. The only luxury seems the presence of a native boy serving the two hermits, a practice which is, however, required by the tradition of the Indian hermits. Some handfuls of rice are placed on the banana leaf, and some saffron sauce. They eat with their hands, sitting cross-legged in the Indian manner on the ground. A cup of water completes this minimum sustenance.

Another room in the hermitage is the library, that is, a few shelves containing a Bible, the works of the Church Fathers, a number of Hindu linguistic and philosophical books, essential instruments in the object of the hermitage: to understand India in order to bring Christ to its understanding. The daily life is centered on prayer and study in an atmosphere of reclusion, deprivation and peace.

PERE Monchanin's Rule inspired a former Indian Carmelite, who had studied in Europe, and his brother, a secular priest, to lead this life on a monastic communal basis. They gathered around them a number of young men and decided to found a monastery near Salem, in the State of Madras.

After some initial difficulties of the sort only to be expected in such an experiment, the community applied to the Benedictine Abbey of St. André in Belgium for assistance. In 1950 the founder, Father Philip Kaipanplakal, and five brethren went to Belgium for their novitiate, while Father Philip's brother continued to lead the small community in India.

In September 1950 the Abbot of St. André sent out two of his own monks in order to tide over the work of transforming the community into a Benedictine Abbey. The two monks, Dom Emmanuel de Meester and Dom Dominik van Rolleghem, at once adapted themselves to the Indian way of life. It was their aim to put the young community on its own feet as soon as possible and to exclude any conscious or unconscious European influence.

The six Indian monks returned home from Belgium in April, 1952, and on their arrival there commenced the regular singing of the Divine Office. An Indian novitiate was also started. The monastery lies at the foot of a hill called Siluvaigiri, Mount of the Holy Cross, because of the crucifix which the monks erected on the top.

There are now thirty members in the community. Nineteen of them are candidates for the priesthood, but no distinction is made between lay brothers and clerical candidates. All take part in the Divine Office, which used not to be but is now under Benedictine influence. Their manner of life is similar to that of Père Monchanin's Ashram, but physical work plays a greater part. They operate a small farm and live on its produce. They wear the coarse cotton robes of the Indian wandering monks, the Sanyassis, but of a darker orange-brown color, not the customary saffron-yellow. The habit consists of two pieces, one fastened around the hips, another slung over the shoulders. The monks walk barefoot. They abstain from meat, eggs, fish and spirits, like the Indian monks. Their church

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has no choir stalls or benches. The monks squat on the floor or stand during the Divine Office.

The two hermits have been engaged in the translation of the psalter into Tamil, but at Siluvaigiri Latin remains the language of the Mass and Divine Office, which all the lay brothers must learn. Whether Latin is to be retained, or whether some Oriental rite or, as Father Philip hopes, the liturgy in Hindu will be adopted, is a question awaiting a decision from ecclesiastical authorities.

Father Philip's community has made considerable impact on the surrounding villages. Already the people come great distances to the monastery to obtain medicines and to learn the agricultural methods practiced by the monks. The monks encourage the people in their native customs, such as the wearing of threads around the neck by brides instead of wedding rings, for they have learned that it is wrong to approach the people with the preconceived idea that everything in their way of life is heathenish.

The presence of these Indian hermits and monks in India recalls the work of St. Augustine and the early monks in Britain. Their success will depend on how far the advance into the heart of Indian spirituality can proceed in order there to reveal the supernatural and universal character of the Catholic faith in its fullest spiritual and mystical depth. As yet the Catholic Church in India remains on the threshold of Indian religious life. Catholics number no more than two per cent of the Indian population.

Catholic monastic life, with its insistence on *stabilities* and on detachment from a changeable world, might succeed in opening doors which so far have remained closed to an understanding of Christianity. The non-Christian monasteries in India also have an important part to play in the changes which the whole country is undergoing. It would be a tremendous missionary enterprise to implant the Christian seed in this vast movement. This task can be realized chiefly by contemplatives who, following the model of St. Benedict himself, find their inspiration and purpose in their very surroundings and lead exemplary lives of personal holiness.

Pope Gregory the Great told St. Augustine not to destroy the old pagan temples in England but to make use of them for the building of his churches. In this way Christendom grew in Europe, and in the same way it may yet grow in India.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA IV

Catholics and American Democracy

JOHN COGLEY

AMERICAN Jews live in a nation which solemnly and joyously celebrates the birth of Christ every winter. Seventh-day Adventists form part of a civil society which almost universally accepts Sunday as the Lord's Day. Christian Scientists pay taxes to a government which subsidizes medical programs solidly based on the germ theory of contagion. Biblical pacifists in the United States have to work out their salvation in a nation which spends a shockingly high percentage of its income on weapons of mass destruction. All these groups are, to some extent, "different." In a pluralist culture like ours certain frictions and compromises are inevitable.

Catholics, too, are "different." Whereas, for instance, most Americans endorse the classical Protestant belief in every-man-his-own-priest, we frankly profess our faith in, and offer our obedience to, an authoritarian Church. Whereas dogma is widely regarded as being unworthy of an American's proud independence of mind, Catholics cheerfully accept the religious doctrines and moral precepts of their Church as infallibly true and binding in conscience. Whereas most Americans subscribe to the idea that religion is a wholly private matter, the Catholic publicly proclaims his belief in an unchanging Natural Law to which not only Catholics themselves but all men are bound. In a nation where it is a bromide that all religious paths lead to God and in the last analysis one Church is just about as good as another, Catholics say baldly that theirs is the only true faith, eternally right, and all others are more or less false.

These are only a few instances where Catholics are "different." If the area of difference were as narrow as that setting off Christian Scientists or Seventh Day Adventists, Catholics might merely be deemed eccentrics. Or if we were as few in number as the Biblical pacifists, we might be treated, as they are, with benign tolerance. Or if we were as withdrawn as the single-minded sects which, in their search for heaven on earth, have cut themselves off from the steady stream

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of national life, we might go generally unnoticed. But Catholics in American life are numerous, well-organized and politically active. There is a growing feeling that we are too numerous, too well-organized, and that Catholic political power is potential dynamite. It would be highly unrealistic, in any discussion of Catholics and American Democracy, not to take this feeling—if that is not too mild a word—into account.

Why do Catholics arouse such feeling? First, I think, because we do not conform to many now-popular beliefs about religion and morality (divorce and birth control, for example—and perhaps soon, euthanasia). Much of the criticism hurled against the Church in political terms is really a protest, psychological in origin, against Catholic theology. In a country where one out of every three marriages ends up in the divorce courts, there is bound to be strong resentment against the Church which solemnly brands subsequent matings as adulterous. A Church which proclaims from the housetops that contraception is always against the law of God will naturally arouse the fierce antagonism of those who practice contraception and deem themselves virtuous when they do.

As American culture becomes more secularized and further cut off from its Christian roots, we can expect this kind of antagonism to increase. We can expect, too, that protests against Catholic theology will continue to be framed in political not theological terms, if only because theology has become largely meaningless to so many of those who resent the Church's insistence on an unchanging moral order and abiding Natural Law.

In days gone by, Catholic doctrine was condemned as being un-Biblical or superstitious: the judgment was theological. Today, it is more often branded as "un-democratic" or "un-American." This, it seems to me, is a tell-tale sign of the growing totalitarianization of "democracy." American democracy is traditionally a tolerant political way of life. Many would now like to make of it a set of secularist dogmas, a full-blown ideology by which all things, even the moral order and religious beliefs, are measured. The birth-controllers, the divorce-apologists (perhaps soon, the euthanasiasts) and the aggressive secularists generally, more and more have taken to wrapping their beliefs in the Stars and Stripes. They are increasingly ready to put all who disagree with them outside the "democratic" pale.

WE cannot lose sight of the fact, either, that as Catholics we frankly subscribe to an ecclesiasticism which is non-democratic. For many that is reason enough to doubt the sincerity of our belief in political democracy. Especially for those who regard democracy not merely as a technique of government and a political philosophy but as a substitute for religion, our acceptance of an *authoritarian* Church (which is not at all the same as *totalitarian* Church—a meaningless phrase) is anomalous.

In the Catholic scheme spiritual authority is all-important and the popular will has little or no effect on the government of the Church. If it were proved beyond doubt, for instance, that most American Catholics thought birth-prevention was a good idea, the Church would still hold fast to its teaching that contraception is against the law of God. The Church is democratic only in the sense that the son of a chimney-sweep may sit on the papal throne or a bricklayer's boy may wear the scarlet robes of a Cardinal.

To the Catholic, the Church's authoritarian spirit and hierarchical structure are logical and even desirable. (This is, of course, not to condone abuses and exaggerations of clerical authority.) Neither our ecclesiology nor our theology is Protestant, and a great deal of confusion could be avoided if that were kept clearly in mind. Both Protestants and Catholics, in this country where theological understanding is dim, often make the mistake of discounting each others' basic beliefs, so that Protestants are judged as if they were indecisive Catholics and Catholics as if they were bamboozled Protestants.

Given the concept of the priesthood, which is essential to Catholicism, hierarchy is inevitable. Given the charge to "go, teach all nations," how can one expect the Church to be other than authoritarian? Given the belief that the Church is preserved by God from teaching religious error, how can one expect it to determine doctrine by testing popular opinion? How, logically, can the Church shift its moral pronouncements to fit the winds of the popular will? It is of the nature of the Church to be unyielding and absolutist where faith and morals are concerned, because—Catholics believe—the truth which the Church is divinely empowered to teach is unchanging and the morality it upholds is based on the immutable law of God.

All this a Catholic believes. If he did not, he would not be a Catholic. The question is, are such beliefs incompatible with American democracy?

THE question is pointed up by the fact that some of the Church's basic moral teachings have direct consequences on the political behavior of Catholics. The doctrinal position on birth control, for instance, does not exist in a political vacuum. In two states, Massachusetts and Connecticut, Catholics acting as citizens are called upon to decide as to whether certain ancient anti-contraceptive laws should be removed from the statute books. This is generally held to be one of the key issues in the Catholics and Democracy

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question. Whenever the subject is discussed, there is sure to be some mention of it.

Catholics as Americans are certainly free to believe what they choose about the morality of birth control, the argument goes, but they have no right to inflict the Church's teachings on those who believe otherwise.

The plain fact, of course, is that there has been no general attempt on the part of Catholics to put anti-birth control laws on the books of any state. The laws in Massachusetts and Connecticut were drafted by legislators, mostly Protestant, at a time when Catholics were not alone in holding that contraception was a morally heinous practice. Catholics, as voters and legislators in these states, are being asked, not whether the state should begin to legislate against contraception, but whether the present laws should be maintained. (This is something else again from "imposing" a law.)

What should the Catholic citizen, as a good democrat, do in a case like that? Should he refrain from voting so that in places where he is in the majority, decision will be made by the minority? Or should he vote against his conscience? To ask either of him, it seems to me, is something less than democratic.

Perhaps it may be held that he should not let his conscience be formed by the moral teachings of the Catholic Church. But that hardly seems in keeping with our tradition that *how* an American forms his conscience—whether according to the principles of a rationalist philosophy, his private interpretation of the Bible, or the moral theology of the Catholic Church —is of no political significance.

It seems to me that the test of one's belief in democracy is in how well he accepts the will of the majority. The spirit in which Catholics accept the overriding of a law in which they believe is the real test, not the zeal with which they use their democratic rights to maintain a law already on the books.

Admittedly, a Catholic cannot in conscience vote *for* birth prevention, but he is under no obligation to multiply laws. There are many states in the union which do not have anti-contraceptive laws, and as far as I know there is no move on the part of Catholics to introduce any.

Oddly enough, some of the most bitter critics of Catholicism in America are found in the group which once succeeded in making its own belief about the evil of alcohol into a Constitutional Amendment and is constantly active in promoting anti-gambling legislation, sometimes with clear success.

I know of no comparable examples of Catholics actively engaged in trying to make their singular moral beliefs into law. But as American culture moves further away from traditional Christian morality, there will certainly be recurrent efforts on the part of Catholics to uphold existing legislation. If the time comes when concerted efforts are made to legalize mercy-killing, Catholics are sure to use their democratic privileges to maintain the present prohibitions against it. To ask us to act otherwise, it seems to me, is to require that we abandon our moral (and, one might add, democratic) responsibility for the society in which we live.

I do not think the present assault on traditional Christian morality will stop at birth prevention; it will go on to hasten the tomb with the same energy with which it emptied the womb. Not too many years hence there may be widespread attempts to blot out the present legislation against euthanasia. And that prospect sums up the real problem of Catholics and American Democracy.

On such questions the position of the Church is final and absolute: birth-prevention and mercy-killing are everlastingly wrong and the Church will ever hold to that position. Catholics, because they believe as they do, will never put their approval on these practices and will positively work against them. As far as morality goes, we are shameless absolutists.

The democratic state, on the other hand, in Dr. Niebuhr's words, is "at least provisionally relativist in not permitting any definition of the truth to infringe upon 'the rule of the majority.' " But, in the words which William P. Clancy used in introducing this series, "the tyranny of a majority which rejects all absolute morality is a refinement in horror which it has taken the modern world to discover. It is this horror which the democratic absolutists seem to offer in the name of enlightenment, and it is against this threat that religious men react."

Taking these two statements as true then, both Dr. Niebuhr's and Mr. Clancy's, it seems to me that the

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real challenge facing Catholics is how to undergird American democracy with the principles of unchanging morality for which the Church is today almost the sole remaining consistent spokesman. Jacques Maritain has written: "Not only does the democratic state of mind proceed from the inspiration of the Gospel, but it cannot exist without it." And Pope Pius XII had this to say of democracy:

> A democracy in which there is no common agreement at least as to the fundamental maxims of life, especially as to the rights of God, the dignity of the human person, respect for honest work and personal freedom, even politically such a democracy would be defective and precarious. Therefore, when the people abandon the Christian faith, or fail to maintain it firmly as the principle of civil life, democracy easily becomes corrupt and is apt to degenerate eventually into a party totalitarianism or authoritarianism.

Clearly, there is a great need for Catholic participation in political life. But that participation has to be scrupulously based on democracy's own terms. It will not do, for instance, to call a friendly cop to close down a movie-house showing an unacceptable film. High-handedness of that kind only outrages Americans who jealously value their political freedom. In the long run it weakens the influence of the Church as a persuading force. It is widely, and bitterly, interpreted as nothing better than contempt for the accepted processes of democracy. It actually plays straight into the hands of the latter-day apostles of "democratic" totalitarianism. These men, posing as the true voice of American democracy, are delighted when doubt is cast on those who do not share their own grandiose ideas of what is and is not "democratic." Nothing suits their designs better than for the impression to be abroad that Catholics, who above all others challenge their secularism, actually hold democracy in contempt.

I think also that we make a serious mistake when we insist on trivial external acknowledgements of religion in public life as if somehow such symbols, no matter how grudgingly given, cancelled out the true fact that America is increasingly secularist. Mere formal prayer in public-school classrooms or on state occasions, for instance, may mean nothing more than an empty gesture, and the aggressiveness necessary to instate such a formality, sometimes against vigorous objection, often confuses the issue as to just what Catholics are up to.

I know there are zealous Catholic groups who feel it is a great triumph for Christianity when they succeed in convincing a merchant that it would be smart business practice were he to feature a crêche in his show-window during the Christmas season, or who otherwise use the threat of withholding money or votes to buy "religious" gestures. But I think they are greatly underestimating the real tasks of Christians in the modern world and confuse symbols with realities. A show-window Christianity offers no hope of salvation.

THE religious mind, it seems, is particularly tempted to indulge in self-righteous posturings—to stand aside heaping anathemas on the false philosophies guiding the world and solemnly predicting doomsday, while the world, heedless, goes on about its business. There is surely a comforting satisfaction in regularly reassuring ourselves that we are right while the heathen are wrong, and in pointing out, generally in pat formulas, all the errors into which fellow Americans are slipping. But what good does it do for us to talk only to ourselves? Of what use is it merely to decry the fact that the Name of God is not acknowledged at the UN, for instance, if we do not make the Name of God meaningful for those who guide the UN? How persuasive is the illiberal castigation of a false liberalism? How convincing is the undemocratic defense of true democracy? Or the philistine-tempered denunciation of a misguided intellectualism? They give the impression that Catholics despise values which in reality the Church cherishes.

Maritain has summed up the challenge facing American Catholics: "The important thing for the political life of the world and for the solution of this crisis of civilization is by no means to pretend that Christianity is linked to democracy and that the Christian faith compels every believer to be a democrat; it is to affirm that democracy is linked to Christianity and that the democratic impulse has arisen in human history as a temporal manifestation of the inspiration of the Gospel. The question does not deal here with Christianity as a religious creed and road to eternal life, but rather with Christianity as leaven in the social and political life of nations and as bearer of the temporal hope of mankind."

The challenge is one of meaningful participation in, not sullen withdrawal from, American democratic life. If Catholic participation in democracy is to be effective in producing the leaven of Christianity in America's political life, it must be *democratic* participation: the participation of Catholics, acting as citizens, who are infinitely respectful of democratic institutions and ever alert to defend the civil rights of all Americans. The terms of such participation are that it seek no special privileges for the Church and wait with the patience of the Lord for the acceptance of grace. What we sometimes forget is that though we cheerfully accept the authority of the Church, believing as we do, others without our faith do not. We cannot rely on the appeal of authority to do our work for us in the temporal order.

(This is the final installment of a two-part article. The next article in the series will be published in the June 26 issue.)

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THE SCREEN

A BUSS FOR BESS

NOT to be left completely out of the picture by the Coronation fanfare, MGM has released "Young Bess," a historical film about the girlhood of England's first Elizabeth. Sidney Franklin's Technicolor production is so handsome—in costumes, sets and cast—that it's bound to win admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. The British, properly impressed by the good cast (mostly English) gathered to enact this drama, probably won't object too strenuously to the poetic license taken in the story; and Americans are always pushovers for a lively historical romance.

The script for "Young Bess," written by Jan Lustig and Arthur Wimperis from the novel by Margaret Irwin, is thoughtful and literate; and George Sidney has directed it with a colorful flair that includes plenty of action but stresses characterization. If one is going to object to anything in this story of the girlhood of the woman who was later to become England's greatest queen, it is that the picture is too pretty. While Jean Simmons has caught quite well the spirit of this wilful princess who wasn't afraid to speak up to even her headstrong and head-chopping father, she looks too comely. And while Deborah Kerr accurately portrays Catherine Parr as a woman of intelligence and understanding, she also gives her much more beauty than Henry's last wife ever had. Stewart Granger makes Thomas Seymour properly handsome, dashing and manly.

While these three carry the leading roles, they are given excellent support by the rest of the large cast which includes Charles Laughton as a still lusty but more subdued Henry the Eighth than he was in the famous film of that name, Kay Walsh, Rex Thompson, Guy Rolfe and Leo G. Carroll. Full of reverses, frustrations and struggle, this is not a happy story, but an interesting and moving one that ends on a sad note as Young Bess (as her father called her) goes alone and lonely on November 16, 1558 to her coronation and her destiny of greatness. Perhaps, many years from now, we shall have another romantic movie about a great Queen Elizabeth, and I hope it's a happier film.

THE English have sent us a little bundle called "Tonight at 8:30," directed by Anthony Pelissier. They didn't do as well by us as we did by them. "Tonight at 8:30," consisting of three of the nine one-act plays that originally appeared under this title, is really warmed-over Noel Coward and it doesn't stand up as an entertainment package too well.

Kay Walsh and Ted Ray do the bickering vaudeville couple in "The Red Peppers" very well; and Valerie Hobson and Nigel Patrick are attractive as the married couple in "Ways and Means" who live by sponging off other people. Both of these playlets have a superficial gaiety that no doubt seemed amusing some twenty years ago, but is rather dated now and pointless.

Sandwiched between these two items is "Fumed Oak," a meatier one-acter which Coward himself labels "an unpleasant comedy." Unpleasant it is, but humorous it is too, as it tells its story of a worm who finally turns. Stanley Holloway is excellent as the hen-pecked husband who has put up for seventeen years with a mean, bickering wife who tricked him into marriage, a mean, bickering mother-in-law and a sniveling daughter who will become as mean and bickering as her mother and grandmother unless she does something about herself. The husband decides to do something about himself—and he does, leaving the three generations of women in their nest of meanness.

IN its third time as a movie, "The Desert Song" doesn't fare much better. Director Bruce Humberstone wasn't sure whether he was handling an old-fashioned operetta or a study of life on the Moroccan Desert, and what he wound up with is sort of a parody on both. Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae sing the lead roles well enough and some of the Romberg tunes, in spite of their silly lyrics, are still good. But pretty as she is, it's hard to take Miss Grayson seriously as she goes on and on with her songs while villain Raymond Massey hovers about threatening mayhem. Even more ridiculous is MacRae whooping it up in Riff costume. No matter what Gordon wears he is still the wholesome American boy who lives across the street from Doris Day.

RICHARD Widmark can never play a wholesome anything opposite anybody. In "Pickup on South Street" he portrays a pickpocket who very foolishly lifts a wallet from Jean Peters' purse. Much to his amazement, and, as it later turns out to Miss Peters' too, the wallet contains a strip of microfilm that's being passed on to Communist agents. Well, caught between the police and FBI on one side and the Communist agents on the other, poor Richard and poor Jean come in for some of the worst beatings I've seen in a movie. Samuel Fuller was determined to make an exciting picture, but he's made it so exciting and violent that one can hardly watch it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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COMMUNICATIONS

"A JEW LOOKS AT CATHOLICS"

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editors: Will Herberg, as so many others, including some Catholics, has emphasized the problem of Catholic exclusiveness and separatism on the American scene [May 22, 1953]. It is good to have such a sympathetic and intelligent critic as Mr. Herberg point up the problem.

But he mentions the late Msgr. John A. Ryan in a manner that would suggest the latter belonged to the "right wing" of the Church. Others have referred to those now famous passages wherein Msgr. Ryan declares that an established church would come into being in this country once Catholics were in the overwhelming majority.

The result is that history may remember the late Monsignor simply and exclusively as the proponent of the view on Church and State which most Protestants and some Catholics find both wrong and distasteful.

It is true that Msgr. Ryan expressed this view and defended it. But it would be a horrible injustice to a great name to allow his reputation to rest upon these passages.

Msgr. Ryan was one of the great liberal thinkers of this century. His contributions to the cause of social and distributive justice were immeasurable. Long before the New Deal was heard of he was advocating progressive social legislation. He fought Prohibition. He fought undue suppression of free speech and free assembly. He fought Nazism and Communism. He defended the Jews against the anti-Semites. He both inspired and enlightened workers for the cause of world order and international peace. To all these problems and causes he brought an unusually clear and brilliant mind, impressive erudition, and a deep and abiding love for the impoverished and oppressed of this world.

I am convinced that if Msgr. Ryan were living today he would have welcomed the contributions of John Courtney Murray, Charles Journet and Jacques Maritain to the thorny problem of Church and State. These men have given to the matter a degree of study, reflection and historical analysis he was unable to give. It must be remembered that he was always occupied with a multiplicity of problems. It appears that, on this question, he contented himself with commenting upon a received tradition among theologians, and did not exhaustively probe into the problem. . . .

FRANCIS E. MCMAHON.

A CENTER FOR SOCIAL ACTION

Ciudad Trujillo
Dominican Republic

TO the Editors: I was pleased to read your fine editorial on the late Father Tompkins' work in Antigonish [May 22, 1953] and very glad to see that you made clear that this work was not purely a local effort to improve conditions in Nova Scotia, but that it was intended to be a pilot project. Upon reading your comments on the real value of Father Tompkins' work, I thought you and your readers would be interested to know of a practical application of these Antigonish principles in the Dominican Republic, and of the opportunity that now presents itself to further greatly this work in many South American lands.

I was trained in the Antigonish movement of adult education and cooperatives, and had the privilege of working four years with the founders of the movement, Dr. Tompkins and Dr. Coady. I spent some seven years in China with the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society (Canadian counterpart of Maryknoll) before being assigned to work here among the people of Santo Domingo.

Naturally, I was sent to the Dominican Republic to work for the moral welfare of the people, but I immediately saw that moral progess would be very difficult without social and economic progress. I saw in Santo Domingo a people Catholic in tradition and sentiment, although lack of clergy and centuries of poverty, exploitation and neglect have combined to produce chaotic moral and social conditions. The people are generous in nature but past conditions have inclined them to be highly individualistic and distrustful of each other.

As a general rule people have to have a certain economic minimum to absorb Christianity. Two-thirds of the human race don't have this minimum. We often forget this. . . . We must work through the natural to the supernatural.

I had come in direct contact with Communists in China. I know their methods. I saw that the people in the Dominican Republic were ripe for Communism. One out of every five persons is totally illiterate—the rest can barely read or write. They have few ideas, and few ideals. They have never learned to think for themselves. I saw that the only way to help these people was not by doing things for them, but by working with them, teaching them how to do things for themselves. I also saw that all economic enterprise would be in vain if we did not change the passive mentality.

To accomplish our ends, we organize the people in their local communities into groups, which study and save together. They study two hours a week, at

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least. Subjects covered are the Three R's (most of that minority which is called literate can hardly read or write); family and social life; nutrition, health; various economic systems: capitalism, socialism, communism, Christian social philosophy; modern agricultural methods, etc.; techniques of credit unions and co-ops.

All people in the group must learn to save a little each week, and as soon as they are ready, we form a credit union. We start with credit unions as the focal point, as the need for low-cost credit, and for the formation of thrift habits, is so great. Usury is widespread. I know of many instances where people have paid over a thousand per cent interest.

We have regular local, regional and countryside meetings. Each group has its social hall, with dances and debates between different groups. This is a means of building a rural social life to retain the youth on the land.

All of the groups have embryonic libraries—we insist on that. We do everything to encourage the habit of reading. We publish a monthly magazine and provide it without charge. We hold contests to spur the people to read.

About fifteen thousand men in some seventy-five groups in all parts of the country are at present in these study groups. They have saved $200,000 in the last year and a half. We have three or four experimental co-ops, selling rice, chocolate, coffee and corn, the principal products.

Experience has shown that it takes approximately three years of weekly study periods before a change of mentality is evidenced; before the people can see that there is a better way of life, and that they themselves want it.

This plan began to show concrete results. Two years ago the President of the country called for me and requested that I extend this movement as fast as possible to all parts of the country.

He gave me a small school to train the abler people in leadership. The superiors of the Scarboro Foreign Mission Society then gave me permission to spend full time at this work.

In addition to the weekly study groups all over the country, we have a small school for the formation of leaders. We offer a two-week course of intensive study, once a month. Twenty-five men are taken in each course, hand-picked from all parts of the country on the basis of intelligence, and leadership potential. We have a small garden, which provides food, and which we use to teach advanced agricultural methods (composting, etc.). We use books, movies, discussion; for instance, the American Embassy provides good films on agriculture. We now have five full-time employees at the school.

We plan small industries for towns and rural areas to keep the people on the land, and we hope, through the co-ops we are forming, to buy land to prevent its falling into the hands of rich speculators.

Last winter, at the request of Monsignor Ligutti, of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, I attended the Latin American conference on rural problems held in Colombia. There were over six hundred delegates from twenty-seven nations there. I explained the work we are doing in Santo Domingo.

I told them I believed that all of South America is in great danger of falling into Communism because of the centuries of poverty, ignorance and exploitation. Communism has already gotten a foothold in Guatemala. I told them I believed the only answer is to show the people how they can attain a better life for themselves through self-help: credit unions, co-ops, education and development of democratic processes. These ideas were enthusiastically received.

Twenty-seven people from fifteen different countries insisted on coming to Santo Domingo to study our techniques of adult education and credit unions. I would be glad to have them do this, and from all indications, this would be only the beginning of a steady stream of visitors to Santo Domingo to study us. I have only one difficulty: I do not have any place for these people to live. One man begged to come. He said he would sleep on the floor. But I do not have room for twenty-seven people, even if they were willing to sleep on the floor.

I need thirty thousand dollars. With it I can buy the land, and build a house big enough to accommodate these people. With this sum I could also secure all the equipment necessary to carry on this training program. If I can get half of this amount, I will start building immediately with the hope that the rest will be found. The need is urgent because in order to seize this opportunity I must prepare to receive these social leaders this year.

These twenty-seven people are leaders in their countries; they include two bishops, fifteen priests and ten laymen; they are people who are in positions of influence, but they are without funds for a project of this nature. They have all signified their desire to come this fall, and the need for this kind of work is so pressing that I cannot delay. There is no way to measure the amount of good that it could do for all of Latin America, not only in the immediate future but as a permanent center of Catholic social action. For this work no contribution is too small. Any money sent me will be applied immediately to the building of a place for this Institute. Please send any contributions and correspondence to:

(*Rev.*) J. H. STEELE, S.F.M.
c/o Mr. Stephen J. Tonra
193 Aspinwall Avenue
Brookline, Mass.

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The Real World Of Science Fiction

SEYMOUR KRIM

PUBLICATION of a book of essays entitled *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future* [Coward-McCann, $3.75] brings us face to face with a phenomenon which has been growing like Pinocchio's nose and has far-reaching literary and cultural implications. In the formal sense, science fiction is a new branch of imaginative writing. As a self-aware literary form it is about thirty years old. But, to quote Reginald Brettnor, the editor of this book: "Since Hugo Gernsback fathered the first science-fiction magazine in 1926, it has developed independently, owing almost nothing to our main literary streams. It has attracted a wide, intelligent and active leadership without the benefit of high-pressure publicity or pathological sensationalism. Its presently increasing popularity is a result of its own special merit—its validity for the age in which we live."

Valid in what sense, one may ask? Simply in this: the imagination which conceives almost all contemporary science fiction is inspired by modern technology, American in particular. By projecting our current gadget-mad culture into the future—or by assuming a continuation of spectacular developments in physics, electronics and similar fields—science fiction reveals certain fundamental tendencies in our way of life which the majority of us, who participate in an Automat society by sheer habit, do not see. We all like to speculate about the future, but science fiction brings that future to us by making both logical and imaginative deductions from the temper of our times.

SINCE *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future* is the first book of its kind (a serious symposium on this new medium) to appear, it is perhaps natural that the contributors overstate their case. Almost all of them write or edit science fiction, and consequently they all have an axe to grind, or better, an air taxi to rev up; almost without exception they are enthusiasts who are sold on the new religion of space and supersonics, and they see the only important direction of prose literature lying in their direction. More moderate minds will discount this throwing of all caution to the interstellar winds, but it is interesting to see just what the S-F enthusiasts have to say.

Foremost is the conviction of several of the essayists that "realistic" or "naturalistic" literature, the dominant fictional form in this country for about the last forty years, has reached a dead-end. They see it as sterile, repeating what has already been done, and putting blinders on the imagination which keeps it gutter-bound and, finally, condemned to a philosophy of defeatism.

This point of view has recently popped up in our most sensitive literary magazines often enough to make us listen closely to what the S-F writers have to say; it *is* true that the realistic forms of literature as we have known them have entered a weak and lifeless period, no longer giving us a fresh and significant picture of reality and no longer expressing a vision of life commensurate with the capacity of the modern imagination. We have outgrown literary conventions that once seemed to be life itself, put on paper—but is science fiction what we have grown up to? Before attempting to answer this question, we should consider the second strong point that the S-F protagonists make in defense of their medium: that they are pioneers who have discovered a new realm for the fictional imagination and that they have also given the scientific method its proper place in modern literature—as the great instrument on which, perhaps, the fate of modern life depends.

It was Emile Zola, founder of the great naturalistic movement which now appears to be exhausted, who said that "literature constantly encroaches on life; if it has been lived or thought, it will one day become literature." Zola's comment is certainly pertinent here. The majority of our serious writers came to their maturity by working out of a particular tradition which had nothing to do, specifically, with science; they were familiar with literature and philosophy, with art and its values, but they were and are almost totally ignorant of the "engineering" aspects of the modern sciences. Yet these fields and the tremendous accomplishments made within them in the last two decades are responsible for the way all of us must live on one important level; and every indication is that, technologically, we face a period of rapid change and development for as long as we can envision.

In one unarguable sense, then, the scientific is a prime factor in modern existence—but by training, tradition, and interest it is beyond the scope of the majority of our serious writers, who were weaned on "sensibility" and "ideas." The S-F writers have thus in an important sense substantiated Zola's comment. They are putting into imaginative form an aspect of contemporary life—it "has been lived or thought"—which before them was left to the day-dreams of the scientists themselves.

Mr. Krim has written on literary matters for Commentary, the Partisan Review and other publications.

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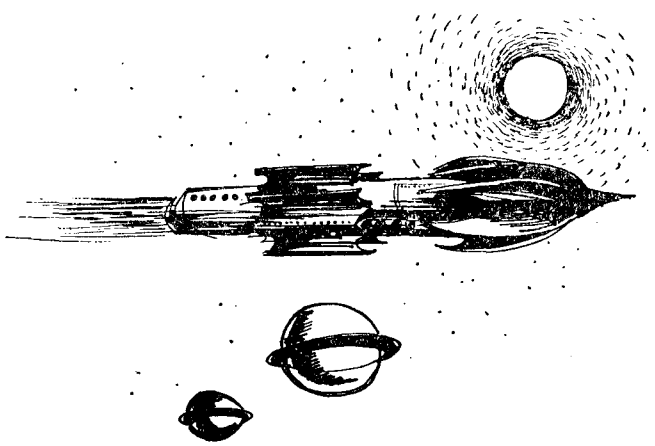
ALMOST all the interesting writers have had some legitimate training in the sciences, and several, like Isaac Asimov, actually teach one or another of the sciences in accredited universities. (Asimov, one of the most prolific of the younger science fiction writers, is Assistant Professor of Biochemistry at the Boston University of Medicine.) In other words, the S-F writers are a different breed from both their brothers in the detective and Western pulps, and their snooty relations who inhabit the big literary houses on the hill. They have brought something fresh to fiction which is particularly their own—the outlook of the imaginative mind which has been inspired by the modern sciences—and by so doing they have enlarged the genre of fantasy and speculative storytelling in a distinctive way. But at the same time (and it is here that the contributors to *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future* do not tell us the whole truth), very few of their works will endure because few of them reach the level of literature on literature's own terms.



Just what—some S-F zealot might ask—do we mean by that? Certainly not "pretty" writing; or abstruse meanings for their own sake; or a parade of any of the traditional literary finery. But simply a union of thought and feeling on the most mature and imaginative level, written by a human being at the top of his bent.

These qualities are not to be found in even the most ingenious science fiction stories. As Philip Wylie, one of the few contributors to the symposium who has a connection with legitimate literature, points out, the major portion of science fiction falls down badly in such areas as adult characterization, the quality of expression, or a sense of the dense complexity of existence that one receives from the best serious writers. Too often, apart from the strictly scientific content, the average S-F story is juvenile and mechanical in its treatment of people, even though not quite as nonsensical as it was in its earlier days.

We are thus presented with an interesting paradox: when sticking to technology and its possible effects upon our future the S-F writers can be read with interest and fascination because this is when they speak with conviction and, on occasion, prophetic logic; but when they deal with individual human beings they show a shoddiness, thinness, and incompleteness which put up against our traditional literature makes one embarrassed for the pretensions of this new sect. It is precisely this split that the contributors to *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future* do not acknowledge, perhaps because they are unaware of it. We, however, with a certain perspective at our command, can see why the S-F writers should be interesting in one realm and more than deficient in another. The reason lies in what might best be called their sense of reality.

To the S-F writers, the sense of reality is strongest when they are writing about what they love: the technological future. Here their imaginations take wings, their situations are inventive and occasionally inspired, and illusion, the very backbone of fiction, is not only sustained but gathers the reader up into itself. In the human realm, however, they are often commonplace and trite because their minds do not respond unusually, or profoundly, to the common stuff of human nature.

This is not to say that occasional stories by Ray Bradbury or Fritz Leiber do not raise the point of view behind science fiction to something like literature. This occurs every once in a while; but when it happens it is the result of the individual writer's having given all that he is capable of, and more important, owning the capacity to experience life on many levels. The majority of S-F writing does not contain this quality; it rarely rises above the entertainment level, even though it is often more provocative entertainment than will be found in the ordinary detective story or slick fiction.

We can thus discount much of the call-to-arms that is to be found in *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future*. But we cannot dismiss its implications. It is axiomatic that writing which grasps our attention is that which has its "finger on the pulse of contemporaneity"—and although average science fiction is literarily mostly thumbs, it has brought to light and dramatized aspects of the contemporary imagination which our better-equipped writers, qua *writers,* have left untouched. Even in its crude outlines, we see in much S-F writing the realization of fantasies which we all, at varying times, share: world government, the habitation of the Moon and other planets, the moral and political consequences of such monsterish phenomena as cybernetics and quicker-than-sound transportation. Here is the modern world, in its non-human or technological aspects, thrust into the future and held up to us as the mirror of what our children's children

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will see. For us not to be intrigued by this sight would be foolish.

IT is difficult to imagine one of the heroic characters of Hemingway or Malraux extending the very implications of heroism, and the significance of great action, by the added dimension of traveling through space or time and having the fate of others depend upon the outcome. But, bizarre as this may seem on first glance, I believe its reasonableness should become apparent.

Essentially it comes to this: our finest writers can enlarge the significance of their imaginative journeys by adapting some of the symbols already crudely posed by the S-F writers; instead of the boyish and melodramatic excursions into the future which the S-F writers give us, our best artists can, and I believe ultimately will, use this "third dimension" of fiction for the highest adult and literary purposes. If there is drama in the fate of a battalion holding out against strong odds—a military situation which, for example, recurs in the work of both Hemingway and Malraux—the dramatic implications of a similar group of embattled men attempting to hold a position on the Moon or one of the other planets is infinitely greater. The significance of either their victory or defeat is at once enhanced by the inherent meaning of *where* they are fighting; moral purpose is given a symbol, no longer beyond the reach of actuality, which is equal to itself.

My illustration is perhaps not the most apt that can be found. But it is a fact that, skeptical as we may be of science fiction as the savior of imaginative prose, we can not allow ourselves to forget that it has popularized something which is truly awesome and which has only occurred in our time. And that is that men are beginning to invade the domain of the poets. The moon, stars, planets and the infinite spaces that made Pascal shudder are falling under the sway of men for the first time in history, and the possibilities that this new horizon offers to the imagination, and to the literary imagination in particular, are not to be taken lightly.

For a tragedy to be genuine, Aristotle said, the victim had to be of noble family; the difference between falling from a foot-stool and a high scaffold is evident. In somewhat the same way the phenomena of space, time, the future, and the very heavens which science fiction has given expression to offer themselves to serious writers and artists as perhaps the most sublime symbols to which modern men and women are capable of responding.

To fall from a star is certainly different from being pushed out of a third-story window; from the first we make myths and from the second a three-sentence paragraph buried in the back of a newspaper. It is quite possible that our serious authors will soon begin using this extension of the real and hence the imaginatively meaningful world which the Science Fiction writers, at two cents a word, have pioneered for them.

The Ambiguity Which Concerns Us All

DOM CASMURRO. By Machado de Assis. Translated by Helen Caldwell. Noonday Press. $3.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

IT is significant that when *The Epitaph of a Small Winner,* by Machado de Assis, was first made available by translation to United States readers last year, reviewers were driven outside the contemporary frame of reference for appropriate comparison. Sterne, Flaubert, Hardy and James were the standards drawn upon to convey the quality of this nineteenth century Brazilian who, it was agreed, "transcended the limitations of culture and time" to speak a universal language.

The probability is that this second translated work will exhaust critical superlative. Where *The Epitaph* was light, ironic, illuminated by the detachment characterizing a man capable of standing outside of himself, so is *Dom Casmurro,* but with this difference: that the latter book's air of random incident is a deception for a central situation both catastrophic and profound.

Mr. Waldo Frank, whose admirable introduction is one of the distinctions of the book, describes the central catastrophe as an ambiguity, and so it is, but, seemingly, with a slightly different emphasis from that defined by Mr. Frank. The novel might, in fact, be described as a study in several types of ambiguity. Mr. Frank's type is the already complex question of where lies the guilt: was Capitu the unfaithful wife that she appeared to her husband, or was she the victim of a coincidence well prepared for by the story?

That the novel hinges on this question is undeniable: its final, external tragedy is built on it. But a second ambiguity runs deeper, nearer the heart of the matter. It is the viewpoint of the hero, the narrator, the husband (betrayed—or not?), whose actions in his own eyes are bathed always in the light of reasonable, unrealized, intelligent, unconscious self-justification. The final question is not of Capitu's guilt or innocence, but of Bento's capacity to commit an enormity in the full tide of righteousness. The final question thus concerns us all.

On a third level, the ambiguity is one of tragedy original in Bento and in the forces combined to make him what he is. Machado gives us no nonsense about a single flaw, a single violence to explain the denouement. Bit by bit he lets us have

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Bento's pride, his culture, his family, his friends, his social and mental resources, as far as Bento himself understands them.

We see Bento as a child, a scholar, a neighbor, a young man in love with that mysterious and challenging girl next door, Capitu, whose eyes "are like the tide." The incident of the school-day sonnet, with its missing twelve middle lines and its vacillation of climax is symbolic; but no more so than the half-assimilated encounter with the leper-boy, Manduca. The vital passage, such as the incident of Sancha's father and his observations about Capitu, passes for casual; the casual for important. It is all, in short, very like life.

What comes through most forcefully to the modern reader, "psychiatrically" oriented, is the stunning impact of the "projection" of guilt, and the uncertainty of building, in retrospect, more than the merest mock-up of the foundation of that guilt. What ultimately causes Bento to cast off his wife and his son into the exterior darkness of European decline and death? Is it the rigid, Castilian-like framework of his social milieu? Is it the real suspicion of his wife's good faith? It it his pride, rent by the unstated wound of comparison with his clever, successful, enviable best friend, Escobar?

It is all of these and more; and the final motivation is the flaring of a moment's attraction to Escobar's wife, Sancha. In the face of that split-second mental infidelity, Bento is helpless; his defense falls into place like a jig-saw puzzle; his wife and Sancha's husband are implicated; his pride finds its own revenge.

Like an admirable orchestration, *Dom Casmurro* contains no element unessential to its final effect: an effect of rage intellectualized and unshed tears at the human condition. The story is sketched in brief, discontinuous strokes; the comparison holds, it is like one of Sterne's. Disparate as are the strokes, each connects intimately with the central situation: the initial, baffled description by the boy Bento of Capitu's eyes ("the tide") presages both the sweep of the story and the incident precipitating the finale. The entire relationship with Jose Dias, the "dependent" with his appointed role of making smooth the way (with superlatives: "*most* kind"; "*most* distinguished!"), could be an index of Bento, sentimental in the approved paths of sentiment, but always, and fatally, detached.

It is entirely possible that a recent diet of contemporary fiction is responsible for a reader's delight and expansion in *Dom Casmurro*. Yet, in the end, it is necessary to echo both the reviewers of *The Epitaph* and Jose Dias, the "dependent" (the language is universal), and to conclude gratefully that this is a novel *most* satisfying.

Probing

THE MAN WITHOUT QUALITIES. By Robert Musil. Translanted from the German by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser. Coward-McCann. $4.

By ROBERT H. BOYLE

SLIGHTLY less than the first half of Robert Musil's original manuscript makes its way into the first English translation of his greatest work, *Der Mann ohne Eigenschaften,* but even so, *The Man Without Qualities* reveals itself to be an extraordinary novel.

The translation was long in arriving—twenty-three years, to be exact, after its first publication in Austria and eleven years after Musil's death in exile in Switzerland —but the wait has been worth the reward. Continental critics have long regarded Musil as one of the finest novelists of the century, and students of Joyce, Mann, and Proust should find little reason to dispute Musil's belated claim for admittance to the inner circle.

The Man Without Qualities is a study, one may say almost microscopically so, of society in Imperial Vienna, the irresolute heart of a confused empire governed by that "legendary old gentleman," Franz Josef, and "a parliament which made such rigorous use of its liberty that it was usually kept shut." The main character is Ulrich, a young member of the upper middle class, who has become successively disenchanted with his career as a cavalry officer, civil engineer, mathematician, and lover of two mistresses. Biographically, Ulrich resembles Musil in his choice of professions, and it is with the mathematician's precision that Musil succeeds in creating in Ulrich the Man Without Qualities, the man in whom all qualities may be said to blend spectrally into the whiteness of none.

Dissatisfied with his previous life, insistent upon saving his individuality, and unable to recall one time "that had not been animated by his determination to become a man of importance," Ulrich permits his father to arrange for his participation in the Collateral Campaign, a committee set up to organize a year of celebration in honor of the emperor's seventieth jubilee. The main intention of the committee is to show the world the True Austria. Ulrich is appointed honorary secretary, and his role in the conduct of the Collateral Campaign and his relationship to its supporters is the theme of the novel.

There is little plot in the conventional sense. Musil relies upon subtle exploration of character and motive, and any action which may be said to be present in the novel occurs in his brilliant exposure and exploitation of the characters' emotional and intellectual worlds. Through these worlds roams Ulrich, the *advocatus diaboli,* testing the integrity of those about him in his own quest for the essentials in life.

Musil writes in a closely argued style that demands—and sometimes taxes—the reader's patience. Yet he is consistently penetrating, observant, and witty, and he is often refreshingly epigrammatic. Perhaps Musil's outstanding achievement in this magnificent novel is the method by which he depicts his characters and their failings. He does not abuse or berate them; he lays bare their absurdities, dignities, and prejudices thoughtfully and carefully—much in the manner of an archeologist brushing away dirt to expose the ruins of a civilization which no longer exists.

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Ordeal

CALVARY IN CHINA. By Robert W. Greene, M.M. Putnam. $3.50.

By JAMES O'GARA

FOR fifteen years, Father Greene was a Maryknoll missionary in China. His parish was in the village of Tung-an in South China, a remote region where Communism was slow in penetrating. But on December 5, 1949, Communism officially took over Tung-an. *Calvary in China* tells what happened to Father Greene after the Communists came.

In the beginning, the priest was simply prohibited from leaving the village. Then guards were placed around the mission, he was forbidden to treat the sick in his dispensary, and the faithful who came for Mass were insulted by the soldiers and sent back to their homes. Later his two priest-assistants were expelled from the country, and the church was taken over as a jail.

For a long time, Father Greene's prison was the solitude of his own room. Forbidden to go out, he watched from his window as the Communist soldiers led those doomed by the "People's Courts" to the appointed place of execution. There, or in the quiet of his attic, he would offer Mass every morning, using hosts he made himself.

After a year and a half of this life—a period which he calls his second novitiate—the missionary was imprisoned in a small storeroom in the chapel-jail, and preparations for his "trial" began. Even before it started, Father Greene was in poor shape from bad food and lack of care. Then came days and weeks of interrogation, during which he stood for hours, so tightly bound that all feeling left his arms. Weakened by his ordeal and confused by the parade of false witnesses ready to swear in the most convincing fashion to the most fantastic charges, he was eventually reduced only to repeating over and over to himself that he was really a priest and not a spy, no matter what his captors said.

At night, in his store-room cell, the missionary said the rosary; by this time he was so physically exhausted that to keep count on the Hail Marys he had to line up ten matchsticks and move them one at a time. The guards saw him moving the little sticks around, and he thinks this helped to shorten his ordeal; his captors feared he was losing his mind, and life was a little easier for a while.

In the end, after all the preliminary rehearsals, Father Greene received a public trial, which was little more than an official invitation to lynching. When the show was over, he had been found guilty of espionage and sentenced to death by beheading. On the following day, his sentence was commuted to deportation from China for life. The Chinese Communists had accomplished all they wanted by the trial; through false testimony and brutality, their dual purpose of discrediting the Church and the West had been achieved and the priest's fate was unimportant. Shortly afterwards he stumbled, sick and emaciated, across the border into the waiting arms of a British soldier. The ordeal was finished.

Now back in the United States, Father Greene in *Calvary in China* has told his complete story. His book is moving, not because of any art—he does not try for that—but by reason of his simplicity, courage and deep faith. And despite everything he suffered, he ends the book with a discussion of the day on which the Church can go back freely to China, "not to make some Chinese Christians but to make all China Christian!"

Bohemia in the Orient

KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE. By Rumer Godden. Viking. $3.50.

By DACHINE RAINER

THE author of the best-selling novel *The River* has written another book with the same qualities —convincing local color, sympathetic characterization, humor and dramatic irony—and what, for lack of a more adequate word, we must apologetically call charm.

Miss Godden, like Kipling and Forster, prefers Indian to Western culture, and her book is an eloquent testimonial to her preference. Sophie Barrington Ward, mother of two small children, who is suddenly widowed and left with very little income, must make a decision. Should she return to the security of a bourgeois life in England, or remain in India? She chooses eventually to leave westernized India and its English colony, and go to Kashmir. She makes a heroic and moderately successful effort to rid herself of the psychological trappings of her former environment and establish her own way of life—just what that way is, is a trifle obscure; she rather makes it up as she goes along. In that respect, it is bohemian, and since her income is still high compared to the standards of the Vale of Kashmir, she is able to live like a rich bohemian rather than an impoverished one.

Therefore the courage required of Sophie Ward is not absolute, for she can live in considerable comfort, have servants, and consequently leisure, and occasionally even manage to purchase art objects.

What Sophie does give up is the comfort and security of middle-class convention. Since bohemians are characterized by the arbitrary and emphatic exertion of free will the rewards of the bohemian life are commensurate with the intelligence and skill of the individual. The advantage of belonging to the middle class is found in the strong arm it offers one to lean on. Bohemia and the middle class are diametrically opposed, and by the end of this novel Sophie Ward knows she can never forsake the former with all its hazards, its challenges and sure rewards, for the certainties of Camberley, England.

However, both Sophie and Rumer Godden are altogether too sanguine about the future. Sophie hasn't tempered her desires with discretion, nor has she acquired the degree of subtlety and sophistication neces-

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sary for a Westerner's survival in the East.

What, precisely, has Sophie learned from her melodramatic, but extremely plausible, experiences in Kashmir—from the ground glass in her food, from the aphrodisiac administered her, from the disappearance and near-loss of her daughter, Teresa? Is she in any way better equipped to go on to Lebanon, with its beauties, adventures, and probable treacheries? The main thing wanting in this novel is that, apart from the slightly increased awareness of the existence of her children, there is no evolution in the character of Sophie.

A Modern Monarch

KING GEORGE V: His Life and Reign, 1865-1936. By Harold Nicolson. Doubleday. $7.50.

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

ON December 31, 1900, the future King George V wrote in his diary: "Goodbye Nineteenth Century." It was characteristic of him to have waited for the precise conclusion of the century. Three weeks later, he entered the death of Victoria, "our beloved Queen and Grandmama, one of the greatest women that ever lived." More than two decades later, the King wrote this notice on the day that the British Labor Party formed its first government: "Today 23 years ago dear Grandmama died. I wonder what she would have thought of a Labour Government."

This comment reveals a trace of anxiety, but the King had long since recognized and accepted the electoral power of the working class. In the days of the war he had devoted particular attention to them in a successful attempt to associate the Crown with concern for the well-being of the working class. His success in this effort may be gathered from the rejoicing in the proletarian districts of London at the time of his Jubilee (1935). In him all classes, as Nicolson puts it, "saw, reflected and magnified, what they cherished as their own individual ideals—faith, duty, honesty,

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courage, common sense, tolerance, decency and truth."

These words are not perfunctory compliments. King George, a man of limited imagination and of no intellectual depth, was above all a man of good character and the embodiment of dutifulness. In the First World War he stoutly but vainly resisted the intolerance of vulgarized and bullying patriotism. Character and his concern for propriety provide the individual note that he and Queen Mary gave to the magic of monarchy which provides a person as the symbol of the state and identifies the fortunes of a royal family with the fortunes of a nation.

Harold Nicolson has fulfilled the difficult duties of historian and official biographer with masterly competence. He had unrestricted access to the royal archives and, on many matters, for example, the formation of the National Government in 1931, presents new information. His subject forbids him drama and liveliness. Nevertheless, his book is sure to remain readable and important for a very long time.

The Poor Man

THE HOUR OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Reinhold Schneider. Prefatory note by Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing. Translated by James Meyer, O.F.M. Franciscan Herald Press. $1.75.

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

ARCHBISHOP Cushing says in the preface to this slender book that "It must almost seem unlikely that one could write another book about Saint Francis of Assisi." And that is exactly the way this reviewer felt. Yet here is a book unique in its originality.

The events of Francis's life are familiar to most of us, and they are of course all there in Mr. Schneider's book. But Mr. Schneider does not describe; neither does he rhapsodize. He is as far removed from the cut and dried historian as he is from the sentimentalist. Everything unfolds simply, from within. This is not a book about St. Francis. It *is* St. Francis. And, curiously enough, proceeding as it were directly from St. Francis's innermost being, it also discloses at the same time the relationship of Francis to his time, to our time, to any time. Only a great literary skill coupled with a profound spirituality could achieve such a feat. Mr. Schneider has both.

The book is divided into three parts.Part I takes the reader to the center of the world of St. Francis, but not as an outsider or a student of man's environment. With beautiful economy, Mr. Schneider gives us the feeling of compelling immediacy. Part II places us at the heart of St. Francis himself. This is not Francis as we have thought of him, a Francis fashioned according to one's own inclination, not even Mr. Schneider's. Mr. Schneider's individual point of view seems absent from this book; the presentation is singularly free from the usual personal interferences of liking and disliking. However, this does not mean a cold, objective study. Far from it. The impact of the writing is so great that, as one goes on reading, it is as if a presence filled the room. Part III deals with the relation of Francis to present and future his-

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tory. And this is no guess-work nor fancy of the mind, but a re-evaluation of the person "who was a 'herald of the Great King' while being his message. . . . The only thing new he had inaugurated was renewed consciousness of the presence of Christ. . . ."

The writing itself has classical restraint and elegance, and this means that the translator, Father James Meyer, should also be congratulated.

Southern Struggle

TO WIN THESE RIGHTS. By Lucy Randolph Mason. Foreword by Eleanor Roosevelt. Harper. $3.

By ALFRED LONG SCANLAN

HERE is the story of a grand Southern lady, who after many years of social service in the South, was enlisted by John L. Lewis and the late Sidney Hillman to serve the cause of the CIO below the Mason-Dixon line. Some may find it mild writing and, indeed, the author is obviously a mild person—so far as appearances are concerned. But just as her book tells of the innumerable Southern sheriffs, chiefs of police, mayors, employers, and others who found, to their surprise, that there was both granite and guile behind that apparently mild manner, so does Miss Lucy Randolph Mason's somewhat tame writing reveal the strength of mind and firmness of will without which she could never have succeeded.

Descendant of George Mason of Virginia and Bill of Rights fame, with the blood of Virginia Tidewater autocracy in her veins, Lucy Randolph Mason was a strange representative of the CIO of the mid-thirties. Yet without her gracious manner, her easy access to and contact with bankers, businessmen, ministers (all of whom seemed to be "cousins or kinfolk" of lovely Miss Lucy), it is doubtful that the CIO would have enjoyed as much success as it did.

What the book lacks in integration of subject matter and continuity of narrative it makes up for in human interest. And even this reviewer, as a lawyer, was educated with respect to the clever and effective use CIO men made of the Federal Civil Rights Act to protect themselves against some of the techniques used by some Southern employers, and their allies among the "law enforcement" officials, to break strikes and unions.

REVIEWERS

Jean Holzhauer reviews books regularly for this magazine.

Robert H. Boyle is a critic who recently returned from Spain.

Dachine Rainer is a New York critic.

M. A. Fitzsimons is author of *The Foreign Policy of the British Labour Government: 1945-1951.*

Claire Huchet Bishop is noted both for her children's books and for her works on the French communitarian movement.

Alfred Long Scanlan is an attorney who was formerly on the faculty of the Notre Dame Law School and is now practicing in Washington.

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